

The Mirror

OF

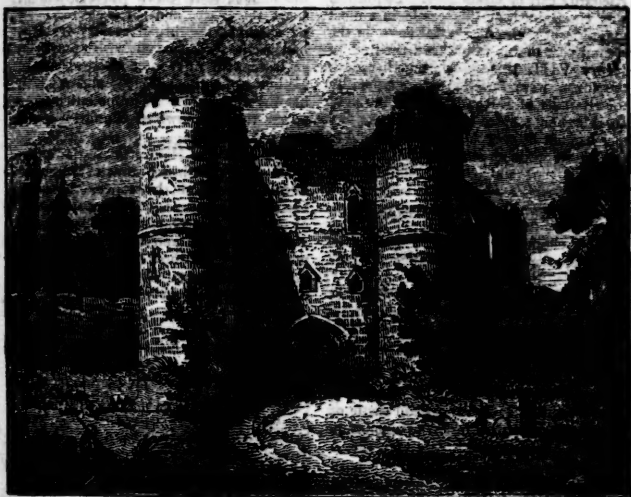
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 211.]

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[Price 2d.]

Tunbridge Castle, Kent.



TUNBRIDGE, or, as it is frequently called, Tunbridge Town, to distinguish it from the well-known watering place in the same county, is situated in the south-western part of Kent, on the banks of the Medway, and derives its name from the number of bridges over the river, which here separates itself into five streams. The district round this town is called the "Lowy of Tunbridge," which, in Domesday book, is mentioned as *Lenna Ricardi de Tunbrige*; and in old Latin deeds is called *Districtus Leuca de Tunbridge*. The reason why it is so named is this:—Richard Fitz-Gilbert, afterwards earl of Clare, a descendant of the natural son of Richard, the first duke of Normandy, who came over to England with William the Conqueror, and distinguished himself at the battle of Hastings, obtained the manor of Tunbridge from Lanfranc, archbishop of Canterbury, in exchange for the castle of Brion, in Normandy, each estate being measured with the same line. At that time it was the custom in Normandy to term the district round an abbey, castle, or chief mansion, *Leuca*, or *Leucata*, in English the Lowy, in which the possessor had generally a grant of several peculiar

liberties, privileges, and exemptions; and Gilbert procured from the king similar grants to those he enjoyed in Normandy, to this, as well as to his adjoining manor of Hadlow, whence he called it the Lowy of Tunbridge, by which name it has gone ever since.

The castle, which is the principal object that attracts the attention of the stranger, stands upon a rising ground, on the banks of the river, and has been a place of considerable strength and importance. No mention is made of this building in Domesday book, but it is most probable that it was erected by the above-mentioned earl of Clare. This castle has been the scene of many important events mentioned in our national annals. In the time of William Rufus, it was besieged by that king in consequence of Gilbert favouring the title of duke Robert; on the surrender of which, however, he submitted, and swore allegiance to him. In the reign of Henry III. this building was garrisoned on the side of the refractory barons, but was reduced by prince Edward. In process of time, various disputes arose between the archbishop of Canterbury and the earls

of Gloucester, the successors of Richard Fitz-Gilbert, as to the limits, extent, and privileges of the Lowy; and a perambulation was made in the time of Henry III., by command of the king, to adjust a contention between archbishop Boniface, and Richard, earl of Gloucester. Edward I. was entertained at this castle in a most magnificent style, for several days, in the second year of his reign. In the time of Henry VIII., this castle, together with the town, were forfeited to the crown by the attainder of Edward Stafford, duke of Buckingham; since which time the former has not been repaired, but suffered to fall to its present state of decay. The principal part which now remains is the gateway, which is flanked with round towers. Adjoined to this fortified entrance, is a modern mansion, which, by its discordant character, takes away, in great measure, the picturesque effect of the ruin.

In the town is a good free-school, which was erected and endowed by Sir Andrew Judd, lord, mayor of London, in the reign of Mary. The care of it was vested in the Skinners' Company. J. B.

For the above interesting engraving and description of the town and castle of Tunbridge, we are indebted to a communicative correspondent. We will, therefore, being within six miles' distance of the far-famed Wells, thither convey our readers, and describe them under the head of

The Watering Places.

No. IV.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

TUNBRIDGE-WELLS is said to be the oldest watering-place in England, Bath excepted. The Wells are about five miles south of the town, and are situated in a sandy bottom, at the foot of three hills, called Mount Ephraim, Mount Sion, and Mount Pleasant. The air is particularly salubrious, which, with the well-known virtues of the wells, and their vicinity to town, being only thirty-six miles distant, makes them much frequented. The discovery of the medicinal waters at Tunbridge-Wells, in the year 1606, is generally attributed to young Dudley, lord North, who having injured his health by his dissipation at the court of Henry, prince of Wales, son of James I., by the advice of his physicians took up his abode within two miles of the wells. Travelling through a wood, the springs claimed his attention; he drank the water—discovered their mineralic properties—had them ana-

lysed by the faculty—partook of them—and recovered.

So wonderful a restoration made a great impression upon the public mind. Lord Abergavenny, procuring the consent of Mr. Weller, of Tunbridge, the lord of the manor, came down personally to inspect the place, and see it cleared of all its encumbering brush-wood. He then had wells sunk, paved with stone, and enclosed with rails in a triangular form. Hither came the afflicted, and returned healthy; but as no accommodations were nearer than the town of Tunbridge, the number was few.

The beautiful Henrietta Maria, queen to Charles I., being much indisposed after the birth of the prince, afterwards Charles II., stayed here six weeks; but as no house was near, suitable for so great a personage, she and her suite remained under tents pitched upon Bishop's-down. The splendid court formed a fine contrast to the country, every where rude, and in the hands of nature. In honour of her majesty, the wells changed their name from Frant to that of Queen Mary's Wells; both have given place to their present one, Tunbridge-Wells, though the springs evidently rise in the parish of Speldhurst.

Pleasure uniting with health, first neat cottages, afterwards handsome lodging-houses, were erected; and that trade might be an attendant, retailers took their stands, with various wares, under a row of planted trees in the road which the company were accustomed to take when they went to drink of the limpid stream. Southborough and Rusthall, the one two, the other one mile from the wells, soon had houses for the use of visitants. Poetry aided the fame of this newly-discovered spot, consecrated alike to health and dissipation. Waller makes his tuneful verses celebrate the virtues of the waters, in the lines he addressed to his exquisitely beautiful Sacharissa; and Dr. Rowzee wrote to prove the fact professionally.

The civil wars that ensued left the wells neglected and almost forgotten; the regal government restored, they shone forth with redoubled lustre. The joy that event brought with it, led the English to an extravagance of mirth and entertainment unknown before. It was seen every where, Tunbridge-Wells uniting in the general sentiment; hence we may date the assembly-room, bowling-green, and other appropriate places at Rusthall; and another bowling-green and coffee-house at Southborough. Lord Abergavenny's old wooden rails, in 1664, gave place to a strong stone enclosure, built by lord Muskerry, son to the second earl of Clan-carty. His lordship also renewed the

stone pavement within the wall, made a handsome basin over the main spring, the better to receive the water; erected a convenient hall to shelter the dippers from the weather, during their hours of attendance upon the company, and made a projection to preserve the well from any mixture with rain-water. The surrounding country caught the happy enthusiasm of the amiable young peer. The circumjacent wilds were spotted with neat, rural habitations; until whim, and some alterations between the lord of the manor and the tenants, soon varied the scene.

Rushall was deserted for Mount Ephraim; and that for Southborough, which again was eclipsed by the new favourite Mount Zion. Here you might have seen a jovial company with a house placed upon a machine, conveying it to this future abode of pleasure, attended with music and every festive decoration. The town of Tunbridge was now left to its original quiet; for the wells became a complete village, with houses sufficient to lodge all the visitants, owing to the liberal terms on which the lord of the manor granted building and other leases.

Tunbridge-Wells were much patronized by the Stuarts; and Charles II. and Catherine his queen were frequent residents, when all the fashion and gaieties of the gayest courtiers of Europe were transferred to this spot; the number who resorted here for diversion being much greater than those who sought health only.

"Here," says the lively Count Grammont in his *Memoirs*, "was the empire of love established. Charles bent to that all-conquering, weak beauty, Miss Stewart, afterwards duchess of Richmond. Even the hard-featured chemical prince Rupert became enamoured of Mrs. Hughes the actress. Here, in one of the constant evening dances at the queen's apartments, the diminutive, distorted lady Muskerrey, the well-known 'Princess of Babylon,' dropped, in the quick, mazy dance, the cushion she had placed to hide her advanced pregnancy, which was taken up by the facetious duke of Buckingham, and dandled as a new-born babe, to the no small diversion of the king and all the court; even the queen, though outwardly checking, inwardly enjoyed that mirth which shone every where around her, especially in the features of Miss Stewart, who laughed herself into hysterics; but the cushion replaced, another round of country dances commenced, and the 'Princess of Babylon' went through the second evolutions without any farther 'miscarriage.' Here, too, the sprightly Grammont became more enchanted with the beautiful, prudent Miss Hamilton, who

came hither from the melancholy residence of Peckham."

Towards the close of the seventeenth century, Tunbridge-Wells began to draw company from all quarters, and by degrees buildings arose, and vast and extensive improvements have been going on. The appearance of the country is inviting, and the aspect of the surrounding villages highly picturesque. The wells are the centre of business and amusement, as there the two elegant assembly-rooms, the theatre, parades, &c. are situate, together with the new bath-house, a handsome building, containing hot and cold baths. The water at the fountain is extremely pellucid, and the taste strongly impregnated with iron; and the rides in the neighbourhood display a variety of picturesque scenery, especially a delightful spot, called the *High Rocks*; about a mile and a half from the wells, which are much celebrated, and form a very striking and romantic picture. The goods manufactured here chiefly consist of work-boxes and children's toys, and are well known by the name of Tunbridge ware.

OYSTERS.

(For the Mirror.)

"The man had sure a palate cover'd o'er
With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
And risk'd the living morsel down his throat."
GAY.

BRITAIN has long been noted for its oysters; and the ancient Romans, who were extremely fond of this fish, had their layers or stews for oysters as we have at present. Sergius Orata was the inventor of them, as early as the time of Lucius Crassus the orator. This country still retains its superiority in oysters over other countries. Most of our coasts produce them naturally, and in such places they are taken by a *dredge*, which is a thick strong net, fastened to three spalls of iron, and drawn at the boat's stern over the beds. The principal breeding-time or oysters (says Bingley) is in April and May, when they cast their spawn or *spats*, as the fishermen call them, upon rocks, stones, or shells, or any other hard substance that happens to be near the place where they lie, to which the spats immediately adhere. These, till they obtain their film or crust, are somewhat like a drop of a candle, but are of a greenish hue. The substances to which they adhere, of whatever nature, are called *cullch*. From the spawning time till about the end of July, the oysters are said to be sick, but by the end of August they be-

come perfectly recovered. During these months they are out of season, and are bad eating. This is known, on inspection, by the male having a black and the female a milky substance in the gill. The oyster-fishing of our principal coast is regulated by a court of admiralty. In the month of May the fishermen are allowed to take the oysters, in order to separate the spawn from the *cultch*, the latter of which is thrown in again to preserve the bed for the future. After this month it is felony to carry away the *cultch*, and otherwise punishable to take any oysters, between whose shells, when closed, a shilling will rattle. The reason of the heavy penalty in destroying the *cultch* is, that when this is taken away, the oyster will increase, and muscles and cockles will breed on the bed and destroy the oysters, from gradually occupying all the places on which the spawn should be cast. There is likewise some penalty for not treading on, and killing, or throwing on shore, any star-fish (*asterias* of Linnaeus) that happens to be seen. These, when collected in any numbers, are very destructive to the oyster-beds, inserting their rays, as the shells lie open, and devouring the animals within :—

"The prickly star creeps on with full deceit,
To force the oyster from his close retreat.
When gaping lids their widen'd void display,
The watchful star thrusts in a pointed ray,
Of all its treasures spoils the rifled case,
And empty shells the sandy hillocks grace."

Oysters are not reckoned proper for the table till they are about a year and half old; so that the brood of one spring are not to be taken for sale till at least the September twelve months afterwards. When younger than these happen to be caught in the dredge, they are always thrown into the sea again. The fishermen know the age of oysters by the broader distances or interstices among the rounds or rings of the convex-shell. Gay advises us in our walks to stop and taste this savoury food, thus :—

"If where Fleet-ditch with muddy current flows
You chance to roam; where oyster-tubs in rows
Are rang'd beside the posts, there stay thy
haste,
And with the *sav'ry* fish indulge thy taste:
The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,
While the salt liquor streams between her
hands."

Now-a-days we have an *extra stoppage* against our will, preterred with the cry of "*Pray remember the grotto—only once a-year,*" and yet it lasts eight or nine months. Such is the rage for building, that *infant architects* rear upon the foot pavement *shelly mansions*, in some degree

resembling greater piles, which are no sooner built than they fall to their base :—

"See the stripling! how he apes his sire!"

P. T. W.

THE PROPRIETY OF USING COLLOQUIAL IDIOMS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

HAVING observed, in No. 209 of the MIRROR, an attempt to overthrow a few colloquial idioms, which we have quietly and justly possessed for several centuries, I do hope that I may be allowed to stand forward in behalf of such venerable personages, whose merits are not founded in antiquity alone, but also in common sense and reason; and I trust that I shall be able to show, that those idioms are not so absurd and so ridiculous as to have nothing but common use to recommend them, although it is from custom that language derives all its authority :—

—Usus,
Quem pene arbitrium est, et jus et norma loquendi." HORACE.

As all languages are but conventional and peculiar, not only will their respective terms differ, but their very constitutional also; yet how diversified soever they may be in these respects, in the use of rhetorical figures, they are all uniform. Thus, (if you will pardon the solecism,) metaphorical expression is an universal idiom. But as the construction of a language depends in a great measure on the country where it is spoken, some parts of the world are naturally adapted to call forth an excess of tropical expression, and others, from the same cause, very little. In our own country metaphor abounds; there is scarcely a phrase grammatically pure. By continual use, however, tropes lose their rhetorical character, insensibly incorporate with the language, and eventually become proper terms; yet when use has thus changed their nature, to judge of them with philosophical strictness is fallacious, and would often render the finest composition a tissue of absurdity. But I will now notice the phrases in question, in the order in which they are placed. The first consists in not giving a proper nominative to the verb, "*The kettle boils.*" Such phrases are never used in their literal signification; they always imply an ellipsis, which is intuitively supplied. How rapid, how insufferably pedantic is it to say, "*The water which the kettle contains boils;*" or more rhetorically, "*The water within the kettle boileth;*" but how vigorous and compendious to omit the mention of the water, which every one knows is implied, and

only express the vessel containing it. And such metonymies are not only incidental to our own, but to every language: probably they are very ancient, the sensible object being naturally put for the unseen. Were I so inclined, and were your work of so little value, I would engage to fill a whole number of it with similar expressions.

The next idiom (*the pot runs*) is under the same predicament, the vessel being put for its contents. Every body knows that the liquor is implied, as well as if it were expressed. How admirably does the verb express the swift motion with which the fluids escape through apertures. A finer idiom I am not acquainted with.

"*I can't help it.*" Help does not always mean assistance; it sometimes signifies remedy. In the instance produced I apply the latter sense, which is no doubt the original as well as the present sense of the expression. Certainly it often means assistance, but not in the phrase in question. As to "*Good morning,*" the phrase itself is very sociable; if fashion appropriates it improperly, it is the fashion alone which is to blame.

"*What's o'clock?*" is merely an abbreviation of the preposition on, and the definite article, as, "What's on the clock?" or, "What is the position of the hands on the clock?" but, like most idioms, considerably abbreviated.—(*Vide Walker's Grammar*, p. 62.)—The verb *do* in the following phrase is neuter, not active. Johnson defines it, "to fare, to be with regard to sickness or health, as, 'How do you do?'" It is clear, then, that it has an appropriate meaning, a meaning settled by custom, from which the signification of every word is derived. Thus I have noticed the half-dozen idioms already produced.

Tropical expressions are so frequent in every language, that no stranger could construe such idioms contrary to their proper signification. As to ourselves, what would become of the language were every synecdoche and metonymy and metaphor lopped off, and conversation (if possible) reduced to more philosophic exactitude? Language would then be inexpressive, obscure, prolix, and exanimate; in short, it would be deprived of all those qualities, which adapt it to colloquial purposes. Whenever an abbreviation or an ellipsis can be safely made, I think it desirable, for it not only gives vigour to the expression, but engages the attention and promotes perspicuity, by divesting expressions of a certain multiplicity of words, which cannot assist the sense, but which only tends to tedious and obscure circumlocution.

J.

THE SCHOOLS OF PAINTING.

(*For the Mirror.*)

A SCHOOL, in the fine arts, denominates a certain class of artists, who have made it their particular study to imitate the productions of some great master.

The school of Florence is remarkable for greatness, and a grandeur of design, bordering on the gigantic. The art of painting was revived in Florence about the year 1240, by Cimabue, who transplanted the few remaining vestiges of the art from a Greek artist to his own country. The works of Cimabue, though in the ordinary style, received the applause of his fellow-citizens, and in a short time the art of painting became so considerable in Florence, that the academy of St. Luke was founded, in which, however, no painters were educated until the year 1350. Andrew Castagna was the first Florentine artist who painted in oil. Michael Angelo, and Leonardo di Vinci, contemporary painters, were esteemed the glory of the Florentine school. M. Angelo surpassed Leonardo in grandeur, while Leonardo was superior to him in the finer parts of the arts. Leonardo, full of sensibility, was fond of expressing the sweet affections of the soul; but M. Angelo, not born to experience the softer passions, sought only to strike the imagination with terror, by the boldness and force of his conceptions. Michael Angelo was placed at the head of the school to which he belonged; and died in the year 1564, aged ninety.

The school of Rome was formed by Grecian artists, who came from their own country to settle with the Romans. By them the art was handed down to the moderns, who derived all their knowledge from studying the Greek models.

This school is celebrated for grandeur of style, exquisite form, and beautiful expression. In the year 1483, Raphael Sanzio di Urbino, was at the head of the Roman school. He excelled in representing philosophers, saints, virgins, and apostles. Although he had studied the works of Michael Angelo and Leonardo di Vinci, he avoided servilely imitating them. He adopted a medium between the exquisite pathos of Leonardo and the fire of Angelo, and never advanced a step beyond the modesty of nature. This painter died at the early age of thirty-seven years.

The Venetian school was founded by Giorgione and Titian, scholars of Giovanni Bellino, who had studied the works of Dominechino. A beautiful mixture of colours was the grand object of the

Venetians in their painting. Titian, or Tiziano Vecelli, having never studied the ancients, supplied the deficiencies in his education by servilely copying the objects of nature, by which practice he obtained a perfect knowledge of colouring—a knowledge never acquired by the artists of the Florentine and Roman schools. This painter was born in the year 1490, and died in 1576.

The Lombard school was founded by Antonio Allegri, more generally known by the name of Corregio. The characteristics of this school are a beautiful combination of colours, an elegant taste for design, and a charming mellowness of pencil.

The Carracci, Lewis, Augustin, and Annibal, formed what is usually termed the second Lombard school. They established an academy at Bologna, called *l'Accademia degli Desiderosi*, in which was taught drawing, perspective, and anatomy. Lectures were also given in the various branches of the art, which were regularly delivered, until Annibal received an invitation from Cardinal Farnese to paint at Rome. The paintings of the Carracci, from the resemblance of their manner, are very often confounded together; it ought, however, to be mentioned, that competent judges of painting may easily discover the different styles adopted by the three painters.

The French school has been so fluctuating, that it is almost difficult to ascertain who was its principal founder. Miniature painting was nourished in France at a very remote period, and the French artists, in this branch of the art, were held in high estimation by the Italians. Painting languished in France after the death of Francis I. until the reign of Louis XIII. at which time it was revived by Jaques Blanchard, who had been educated in the Venetian school. But Blanchard, though a good painter, had no hand in forming the French school. Poussin was a careful and correct imitator of nature; but he educated no pupils, and consequently did not found the French school. To the abilities of Vouet, perhaps, the French are indebted for the first formation of their school; but afterwards were still more indebted to the brilliant talents of Le Brun, who was the fashionable painter of the age in which he lived. Excepting Le Brun, Eustach le Sueur, Poussin, and Claude Lorraine, the French artists possessed little to recommend their works, in which inelegance and a certain stiffness of expression might invariably be found. The Count de Caylus reformed the bad taste of his

countrymen, by directing their attention to the models of Greece and Rome.

It is needless to inform the intelligent reader, that the French capital is adorned with those invaluable works of art, which formerly created so much emulation at Florence, Rome, Turin, and Naples. A similar collection is now forming in this country, *The National Gallery*, which will, we hope, eclipse even that of our French neighbours.

Germany has not had the honour of forming a regular school of painting. Mengs, Deitrich, Albert Durer, and Holbein, were Germans, and the most celebrated artists that country has produced. A few solitary artists, however, will not form a school.

The Flemish school is remarkable for great brilliancy of colouring, a nobleness of conception, and the magic of the *claro oscuro*. Oil painting was discovered, or at least practised, first in Flanders, by John Van Eyck, who died in 1441, aged seventy-one. Peter Paul Rubens was unquestionably the founder of the Flemish school. This person was not only an admirable painter; he was endowed with many excellent qualities, and esteemed a skilful politician. He was ambassador from the Spanish king to Charles I. from whom he received the honour of knighthood. Rubens equally excelled in painting historical subjects, portraits, fruit, flowers, landscapes, and animals. The historical pictures of this master do not possess that sweetness of expression so prevalent in the works of Raphael; his principal merit lay in colouring, though he never equalled the productions of Titian. Sir P. P. Rubens was born at Antwerp in the year 1577, and died in 1640.

The Dutch school may be considered as distinct from all others. The divine expression of Raphael, and the fire of Michael Angelo, are entirely disregarded by the Dutch, who have adopted a manner of painting practised alone within the precincts of their own country. Their favourite subjects are the vulgar games of the rudest peasantry, boors drinking and smoking, faithful representations of smith's workshops with all the *minutiae* to be found therein, and the depredations of banditti. If we view one of these subjects, painted by Teniers, the younger, we may be sure to find it a perfect *chef d'œuvre*. This artist possessed very prolific talents, and was, beyond doubt, the best painter of the manners of the peasantry in the Low Countries. Lucas de Leyden, who lived in the fifteenth century, is generally considered as the patriarch of the Dutch school. Van Been,

Vander Hilst, Cornelius Polemburg, Rembrandt, John de Laer, Van Ostade, Gerard Douw, Metz, Meris, Cuyp, Wouvermans, Berghem, Vandevelde, and Van Huysum, were educated in the Dutch school, and have produced most admirable specimens of the art of painting.

The English school did not exist until the Royal Academy in London was established in 1766. We had, however, many excellent painters long before that period, whose productions rank with those of the great Italian masters. Holbein, though a German, executed most of his celebrated works in this country. He was much encouraged by Henry VIII. and painted portraits of most of the English nobility. He died at his house in Whitehall, in the year 1554, and was buried with much solemnity. In the reign of James I. Cornelius Jansens arrived in England from Holland, and painted the king and nobility; but his talents being soon after eclipsed by Vandyke, he returned to his own country. Sir Anthony Vandyke received the first rudiments of the art from Vanbaleen, of Antwerp; but afterwards became the pupil of Rubens, under whose excellent guidance he made such rapid progress in the art, that a portrait he painted of his master's wife, even at that period, is ranked among the best of his productions. Leaving Rubens, he made the tour of Italy, and at his return to Antwerp, was invited to England by Charles I. by whom he was knighted. He married the beautiful daughter of lord Ruthven, earl of Gowry. Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great founder of the English school, was born at Plymton, near Plymouth, on the 16th of July, 1723; and was the pupil of Hudson. In the year 1750, he went to Rome, where he remained two years prosecuting his studies. At his return to his own country, he received that patronage which was due to his extraordinary talents. Sir Joshua died in London, at the age of sixty-nine, and was buried in St. Paul's cathedral with great funeral pomp.

Aug. 2, 1829.

G. W. N.

THE LADY-BIRD.

THE sports and songs of children in Germany, often excite surprise at their striking resemblance to the usages of our own country. A remarkable coincidence occurs in the German song of the Lady-Bird, or "*Marlen Würmchen*." The second verse alone has been preserved in England; but it is singular that the bur-

then of the song should have been so long preserved in a country whose inhabitants are so completely separated. The whole song has been thus translated in "*German Popular Stories*."

Lady-bird! lady-bird! pretty one! stay:
Come sit on my finger, so happy and gay;
With me shall no mischief betide thee;
No harm would I do thee, no fieman is near;
I only would gaze on thy beauties so dear,
Those beautiful winglets beside thee!

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home,
Thy house is a-fire, thy children will roam;
List! list! to their cry and bewailing:
The pitiless spider is weaving their doom,
Then lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home,
Hark! hark! to thy children's bewailing.

Fly back again, back again, lady-bird dear!
Thy neighbours will merrily welcome thee here,
With them shall no perils attend thee.
They'll guard thee so safely from danger or care
They'll gaze on thy beautiful winglets so fair,
And comfort, and love, and befriend thee.

STANZAS.

"WHERE SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?"

(For the Mirror.)

We'll meet where the blessed rivers flow
Clear, deep, and silently:
We'll meet where the spicy flow'rets glow,
Bright thro' Eternity!

We'll meet where the brightness is too great
For angel ken to bear;
We'll meet in that high and blissful state
The kin of angels share.

We'll meet where our best lov'd friends will
be,
Of mortal mould no more;
We'll meet in that glorious company,
Whose earthly ills are o'er

We'll meet again at that awful throne,
By Him, th' ador'd, possess'd;
We'll meet where the hearts of all are known,
And sinless love is bless'd.

We'll meet, we'll meet! where never comes
tear
Immortal cheeks to stain;
We'll meet, in the deathless land, for aye—
We ne'er shall meet again!

M. L. B.

The Sketch-Book.

No. XXIII.

THE NIGHT COACH.

HE who has travelled by night, need not be told of the comforts of the mail-coach from the setting to the rising sun; and even somewhat after this grand event, the jaded way-farer does not acknowledge much benefit from the return of his beams. There is a wonderful display of cheer-

fulness among the passengers on taking place ; such a bustle with *comforters* for the neck ; such a perking up of unsteady-looking heads, while they are adjusted ; and such sagacity of remark when the affair is accomplished ; and the jerking his noddle backwards and forwards to find how it works within its woollen trenches, seems at length to say, "All's Well."—"Devilish sharp evening," is likely enough to be the first observation, if it comes from one under thirty years of age ; but the senators of the coach, the plump, round-bellied sexagenarians, hint the chances of a severe winter, with laconic sagacity, which would imply that they are in the secret, but above all, because it is so much cleverer to predict things to come, than dilate on things present. Any body could do the latter ; but, excepting Joanna Southcote and prince Hohenlohe, who, in these days, have we had worth speaking of in the trade of prophesying ? To talk of cold in a coach, operates as certainly on the inmates in producing a general chilling, as if a chemist had begun to mingle the ingredients of a freezing mixture. Such a stir in the ant-hill, such puffing and blowing to collect the *caloric*, a new arrangement of the neck-cloth, and an additional button to the body-coat ; the upper benjamin, which had perhaps strayed across the limbs of a more thinly-clad neighbour, is instantly recalled, and tightly fastened above and under, to prevent any more desertions ; the window-glasses are sharply examined, and some unquestioned truisms discharged against the negligence of the proprietors. Each one dove-tails his knees between those of his opposite fellow-traveller, and carefully arranges his well-stuffed pockets on his lap, to save his sandwiches from the percussion of his neighbour, which he dreads as much as captain Parry would an iceberg ; and having thus arranged every thing, and *provided* against accidents, ten to one but they throw themselves back, and, burying their head up to the nose in their trot-cosey, like red-breasts under their wing, put on a resigned look, and wait for what may next betide them.

Generally speaking, no one lets himself out so freely as the sailor. He looks always as if he was brim-full—every thing is matter of novelty to him ; he is as easily excited as a kitten with a straw or a dangling thread. You may discover him (if he does not make the disclosure himself) by his ill-brushed coat, and his hat turned up on all sides like a polygon. He is restless and watchful to learn the *trim of the vessel*, and if he has reached the rank of master, betrays some anxiety

to take the management. I travelled once from Chatham with one of this class ; not a word broke from him, though he was as eager and busy, now looking to this side, now to that, as if it was a dark and gusty night in the chops of the channel. We were more than once interrupted by one of those huge waggons which show with majesty the privilege of eight horses. He seemed to shrink under its huge bulk, and, as it passed us, and threw a deep cloud around, to crouch into his corner, to keep his frail bark from foundering ; but all his animation revived with a long line of carts, which nearly blocked up the road, and maintained a running fire with the coachman. Here he was again himself, amid this flotilla of cock-boats ; Gulliver himself never looked more manfully when dragging the navy of Lilliput after him. Broadside after broadside did he pour among them, in all the variety of oburgation and execration familiar to the gun-room ; and, as we passed these *land-pirates*, as he called them, threw himself back on his seat, and wound up his notions of discipline and legislation, by growling through his teeth, "By the Lord, there should be a law to shoot these fellows !"

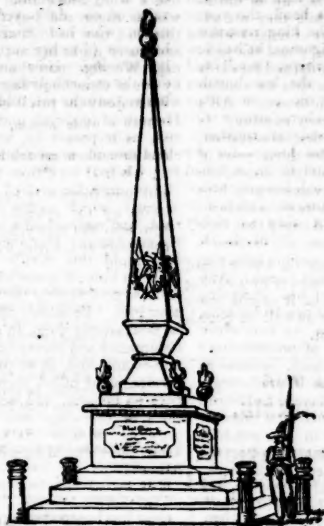
SPLITTING,

ACCORDING to Pliny, was superstitiously observed in averting witchcraft, and in giving a shrewder blow to an enemy. Hence seems to be derived the custom our bruisers have of spitting in their hands before they begin their fight. Several other vestiges of the superstition relative to *fasting spittle* (*Fascinatio saliva jejuna repellere veteri superstitione creditum est. Alex. ab Alex.*) mentioned also in Pliny, may yet be traced among our vulgar. Boys have a custom (*inter se*) of spitting their faith when required to make asseverations in a matter of consequence. In combinations of the colliers, &c. in the north, for the purpose of raising their wages, they are said to spit upon a stone together, by way of cementing their confederacy. We have, too, a kind of popular saying, when persons are of the same party, or agree in sentiments, "*they spit on the same stone.*"

EPIGRAM.

TOM cannot wipe his nostrils if he pleases
(So long his nose is, and his arms so short ;)
Nor ever cries "God bless me !" when
he sneezes ;
He cannot hear so distant a report.

Monument to Sir John Moore.



ELVINA, a pleasant little village, about four miles from the city of Corunna, will be ever celebrated for the battle that was there fought between the English and French, on the 16th of January, 1809. The village, although small, contains several good houses, with a church and convent, and is a favourite place of resort for the inhabitants of Corunna on the summer evenings; and the road thither, commands a most extensive and interesting view of the harbour and shipping, with the neighbourhood of Ferrol and adjacent country. On the south, the country is mountainous, but the valleys are highly cultivated; and there are many gentlemen's houses, with olive-groves and vineyards, which form a most pleasing and highly picturesque view; but on the north it is barren and rocky.

Our second engraving for this week gives a faithful representation of the monument erected to the memory of the brave Sir John Moore, who was attacked at Corunna by the French under Marshal Soult, when, after a most determined and obstinate conflict, the British succeeded in driving back the enemy, but with the loss of their gallant commander. In the village of Elvina, on the spot where he fell, stands the above monument, which perpetuates the hero and the victory.

Numerous tumuli may also be seen, surmounted with a rude black cross, affixed by some Galician peasant, whose respect for the remains of the fallen warriors, evidenced itself by this generous and religious offering. A Spanish inscription on the one side briefly tells the event of the battle; on the other, commemorates the bravery and the virtues of the hero of Elvina.

THE KING AND THE ROBBERS.

(For the Mirror.)

JAMES IV was informed, that near his castle resided a Highland chieftain or laird, who with his sons supported themselves by robbery. That from their castle a subterraneous passage led to the road, where they watched for travellers, robbed, and often murdered them. The brave king undertook to meet the caitiffs alone. He went one evening disguised to the spot, encountered one of the sons, and, after a severe contest, came off with the victory, and the right hand of the ruffian, which he put in his pocket. The next day saw the bandit and his sons, save one, before the king, who under some pretence had desired to see them; the king remarked that the old laird had not brought

all his sons; and the father, suspecting the absentee by alleging he was sick, James insisted on seeing him, and he was sent for; then desiring his hand, the young man gave his left. The king remarking it, the thief told his highness, he had lost his right hand. "Perhaps, then," said the monarch, taking the lost member from his pocket, "I can accommodate you with it." The robbers, struck with a sense of their guilt, and with consternation, stood silent;—not long;—for the guards who were around them, and had been previously instructed, instantly seized those sanguinary villains, and inflicted on them the punishment they so richly merited.

M. L. B.

* * The above story the writer heard in Scotland, and not aware of ever having seen it in print, thought it might prove interesting to English as well as Scotch readers of the MIRROR.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

MY TRANSMOGRIFICATIONS.

I CANNOT say I recollect myself, but I perfectly well remember a portrait that strongly resembled me, painted when I was two years old, for my dear and tender mother, and valued accordingly. It represents a fat, roguish, black-eyed, curly-headed urchin, sitting on a bank with a lap full of flowers, which showed out magnificently from the white frock beneath them. There was happiness, round, rich, luscious, rosy happiness, in every little feature; and altogether it was such a child as a mother might be proud of. Three years after, I can recollect myself—the fat was passing away—I was growing tall, slender, an impudent self-willed knave, the delight of my father, the torment of my sister, and the curse of servants. My godfather gave me a guinea, and I gave it to a groom, as a bribe to let me mount his horse and ride him a few yards to water. I had a new beaver hat—I had no objection to sunbeams, and thought I could turn it to a better account—I cut it into the shape of a very tolerable boat, and sent it down the stream, that, innocent of mischief, flowed quietly through the grounds. Yet amid all this wildness, there might have been seen "sparkles of a better nature;" for I had much tenderness in my composition, glimpses of enthusiasm, and some queer undefined notions of the beautiful; for instance, a gang of gipsies sometimes favoured "our village" by pitching their

tents in the outskirts; and many a time have I slipped away from the paternal care of "Old John," to listen to the voice of one dark-eyed girl among the troop, who had fascinated my young heart, or (I rather suppose) my ear, by her singing. How often have I wept over the melancholy fate of the lady, who, in the storm at sea, told her lover to

"Take a white napkin, and bind my head softly,
And then throw me overboard, me and my baby;"

and have frequently been elevated to heroism by the splendid portrait of that hero who was martyred at Tyburn; his constancy at his trial won my fervent admiration.

"I stood as bold as John of Gaunt,
All in my natty attire;

I ne'er seem'd daunted in the least,
Which made the folks admire!

"That all the people they may say,
That I am no des-arter;

For the captain, he must lead the way,
And the men must follow a'fter."

My wild spirits were really taken captive by these vagabonds; the lawless independence of their children was my envy; they had no lessons to learn, no elder sisters to keep them in order, nor elder brother to thump them out of their pocket-money; their whole existence to me was paradisaical. I believe if they had attempted to steal me, they would have found the business half done to their hands.

At seven years old I was breeched—I had a cloth jacket and trousers—I was told that I was a man; and I thought it incumbent on me to be "grave and gentlemanlike." I paid more attention to my lessons and the young ladies, and thought it an imperative duty to discover they were more amiable and pretty than boys. Soon this affectation became sincere. My sister was better loved than all my kin; to her I flew to roar away my grief, when my father took out Henry, and left me at home, or when he threatened to sell my pony, or give him to my playfellow, Richard Howard, whom I hated ever after. In her I reposed all my confidence, and in her gentle bosom deposited my tutor's severities, and my brother's wrongs—I was, in truth, "a most pathetic little."

But at ten, "O what a change was there!" No Chrysalis' metamorphosis was ever greater. I had grown accustomed to my breeches, and no longer held them in any consideration; I was impudent to my sister, contradicted my father, fought my own battles with my brother,

and played truant with my tutor, till he made a solemn complaint of my manifold abominations. I scrambled all over the country, and came back with scarcely a rag on my back, and what were left me were so defaced by mud, or dust, as the weather would have it, that their quality could barely be discovered. My mother wept, my father swore, my tutor said the devil was in me. I was up to all sorts of villany. I stuffed a goose with gunpowder in the absence of the cook, who was preparing to put it down to the spit, and I felt no sort of compunction for her intense fear and agony, when, on applying the lighted paper to singe it, it blew into ten thousand pieces, and nearly knocked her eyes out. I had threshed my brother into respect for me; and my playmates consoled themselves for not being able to master me, by bestowing upon me the very expressive cognomen of "Gallows!" At length I tired them out; my tutor gave in, and my mother acquiesced with my father in thinking school alone could preserve me. So to a public school I went, to learn decorum and obedience.

In four years more, there were no traces of Young Gallows, but I came home a monkey still, only melancholy, instead of mischievous. My early enthusiasm returned, and my intense love of the beautiful, undirected by reason, exhibited itself in the most ridiculous forms—I read novels, and the most pathetic stories in the magazines.—I contemplated the setting sun—fell in love with the moon, and made verses to every little star that twinkled behind the clouds and before the clouds. I could not have read or written anything lively for the world; I should have thought fun an insult to my feelings; and understanding I was a slender boy, with long arms and legs, of an active light figure, but delicate constitution—everybody said I should be tall—I had looked in the glass, and observing a pale, dark face, inclining to tallow, masses of black curling hair, and a somewhat serious look, I concluded that I should be a tall, thin, pale, pensive-looking young man, and acted up to the character accordingly. I loved to be thought an invalid, and frightened my mother to death by the affectation of a hectic cough, which I pretended to consider as a warning that I should die early of a decline. I wrote a long string of verses, called the "Dying Boy," in which I lamented my early doom, expressed my resignation, and took a tender and pathetic farewell of the trees, and the moon, and the flowers. It brought the tears into my eyes to read it.—(I have

since learned it had the same effect upon others, but from a very opposite emotion).—I sent them to one of the most pitiful magazines, where they were (God knows why) inserted. Oh, how proud was I—I was a scholar and a poet! There was wanting but one thing to complete me—I should fall in love—and so I did; but the affair was more serious than I could have imagined—more of real feeling mingled with the thing than I expected—the passion of a boy of fourteen has something desperate in it always; and that mine had an uncommon portion of sincerity, was obvious from the character of the object of my choice. She was a beautiful, accomplished woman of twenty-two (the daughter of an intimate friend of my father). A girl of my own age would not have been endurable. I "never told my love" to this charming creature for many months that she was on a visit to my sister, and resided in my neighbourhood; but I endeavoured to make it apparent by every possible pathetic mode—I looked at her till I could not see, and listened to her till I could not hear; I gathered flowers to twist into her bright hair, and when they were dead, wept over them for envy at their fate, and deposited them next my shirt—I read to her, in the most tender voice, all the amatory verses I could put my hands on, launched out on the happiness of domestic love, and affected to caress little children in her presence—I never ate my dinner when she was at table, but, with an air of desperation, gulped down as much wine as I possibly could, without incurring my father's observation—now, I thought, I should like to be a king, and place her on a throne; then, a successful warrior, that her country might offer her homage—love and a cottage had its charms, and sometimes I thought how delicious it would be to suffer for her sake. These thoughts became feelings, and what was begun as a matter of course, terminated in real tenderness, no less ridiculous. I was a diffident lad, exceeding modest: judge then of my sincerity by its effect. Finding myself alone with her in a beautiful bower by moonlight, I fell upon my knees, seized her fair hand, and made a vehement declaration of my passion; I besought her to have compassion upon my youth, and not by coldness to destroy its hopes—I vowed eternal truth, and swore desperately I could not live without her—I drew a glowing picture of the delights of married life, and expatiated warmly on the tyranny of parents and friends—I promised to make the best of husbands, the tenderest of fathers, and shuddered at the prospect of

separation, shed real tears at the bare imagination of her indifference; and finally, rising with my subject, assured her that I had ten pounds untouched, and besought her to commit herself to my protection, and elope with me that night. I was too much agitated in the first instance to observe the effect of my pleadings, but I was soon most fearfully enlightened. Imagine my boundless horror, my stupefaction of feeling, at hearing her burst into a loud laugh, and seeing her spring from her seat, and dart rapidly out of the bower—I was agonized beyond all description; I rubbed my eyes and my nose, and tried to persuade myself that all that had passed was a dream. Presently my brother came into the harbour, he had an unspeakable grin upon his odious face, but he said nothing, affected to look for some unmissed article, and went out again; next, my father walked slowly past, whistling, as if perfectly indifferent to my movements, but I noticed a quick, queer, shrewd, merry-looking glance that was not to be misunderstood.—The story soon travelled; my acquaintance tried hard not to laugh in my face, and the more they stifled their mirth, the more frightful seemed its occasional ebullitions; and *she*, the cruel cause of all this misery to me, she married in about a week after this event, a man of thirty, who, as Blackwood says, “shaved twice a-day,” and no doubt entertained him mightily with the pathos of the smooth-chinned boy, who had the presumption to try to supplant him.

This adventure cured me completely of sentiment—I ceased, for a time, all attempts to captivate fair ladies, and turned an eye of admiration on myself. At seventeen, I was a puppy, a dandy; my dress and appearance the only objects worthy my contemplation; I detested poetry, the moon, and little children, and generally gave these last a sly pinch or kick, when they had the presumption to expect I should play with them. This state continued a few years; and then, last stage of all, came whiskers, mustachios, love, real love, marriage, business, bustle, and twenty-nine.—Here I pause—it would be egotism to say farther—my friends alone must decide whether the boy be like the man—I think not—so, with the burthen of nearly thirty years on my shoulders, all the usual cares of life, and some, perhaps, that are not usual, I take my leave, to fight out the remainder as I may.—Reader—Vale.

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Novelist.

No. LXXXVII.

THE BEAUTY OF RYDALMERE.

MANY a tame tradition, embalmed in a few pathetic verses, lives for ages, while the memory of the most affecting incidents, to which genius has allied no general emotion, fades like the mist, and leaves heart-rending griefs undeveloped. Elegies and dirges might indeed have well been sung amidst the green ruins of yonder cottage, that looks now almost like a fallen wall—at best, the remnants of a cattle-shed shaken down by the storm. Twenty years ago—how short a time in national history—how long in that of private sorrows! all tongues were speaking of the death that there befel, and to have seen the weeping, you would have thought that the funeral could never have been forgotten.

In almost every vale among the mountains, there is its peculiar pride—some one creature to whom nature has been especially kind, and whose personal beauty, sweetness of disposition, and felt superiority of mind and manner, single her out, unconsciously, as an object of attraction and praise, making her the May-day queen of the unending year. Such a darling was Lucy Fleming ere she had finished her thirteenth year; and strangers, who had heard tell of her loveliness, often dropt in as if by accident, to see the Beauty of Rydalmere. Her parents rejoiced in their child; nor was there any reason why they should dislike the expression of delight and wonder with which so many regarded her. Shy was she as a woodland bird, but as fond of her nest too; and when there was nothing near to disturb, her life was almost a perpetual hymn.

One summer day, a youthful stranger appeared at the door of the house, and after an hour's stay, during which Lucy was from home, asked if they would let him have lodging with them for a few months—a single room for bed and books, and that he would take his meals with the family. Enthusiastic boy! to him poetry had been the light of life, nor did ever hero of poetry belong more entirely than he to the world of imagination! He had come into the free mountain-region from the confinement of college-walls, and his spirit was expanded within him like a rainbow. No eyes had he for realities—all nature was seen in the light of fancy—not a single object at sunrise and sunset the same. All was beautiful within the circle of the green-hill tops, whether shrouded in the soft mists, or

clearly outlined in a cloudless sky. Home, friends, colleges, cities,—all sunk away into oblivion, and Harry Howard felt as if wafted off on the wings of a spirit, and set down in a land beyond the sea, foreign to all he had before experienced, yet in its perfect and endless beauty appealing every hour more tenderly and strongly to a spirit awakened to new power, and reveling in new emotion. In that cottage he took up his abode. In a few weeks came a library of books in all languages; and there was much wondering talk over all the country-side about the mysterious young stranger who now lived at the Fold.

Every day, and, when he chose to absent himself from his haunts among the hills, every hour was Lucy before the young poet's eyes—and every hour did her beauty wax more beautiful in his imagination. Who Mr. Howard was, or even if that were indeed his real name, no one knew; but none doubted that he was of gentle birth, and all with whom he had ever conversed in his elegant amenity, could have sworn that a youth so bland and free, and with such a voice, and such eyes, would not have injured the humblest of God's creatures, much less such a creature as Lucy of the Fold. It was indeed even so—for, before the long summer days were gone, he who had never had a sister, loved her even as if she had slept on the same maternal bosom. Father or mother he now had none—indeed, scarcely one near relation—although he was rich in this world's riches; but in them poor in comparison with the noble endowments that nature had lavished upon his mind. His guardians took little heed of the splendid but wayward youth—and knew not now whither his fancies had carried him, were it even to some savage land.

Thus two summers and two winters wheeled away into the past; and in the change, imperceptible from day to day, but glorious at last, wrought on Lucy's nature by communication with one so prodigally endowed, scarcely could her parents believe it was their same child, except that she was dutiful as before, as affectionate, and as fond of all the familiar objects, dead or living, round and about her birth-place. She had now grown to woman's stature—tall, though she scarcely seemed so, except when among her playmates; and in her maturing loveliness, fulfilling, and far more than fulfilling, the fair promise of her childhood. Never once had the young stranger—stranger no more—spoken to daughter, father, or mother, of his love. Indeed, for all that he felt towards Lucy,

there must have been some other word than love.

At last it was known through the country, that Mr. Howard was going, in a year or less, to marry the daughter of Allan Fleming—Lucy of the Fold. Oh grief and shame to the parents—if still living—of the noble boy! O sorrow for himself when his passion dies—when the dream is dissolved. How could such a man as Allan Fleming be so infatuated as sell his child to fickle youth, who would soon desert her broken-hearted? Yet kind thoughts, wishes, hopes, and beliefs prevailed.

In spring, Mr. Howard went away for a few months—it was said to the great city of London—and on his return at midsummer, Lucy was to be his bride. They parted with a few peaceful tears, and though absent were still together. And now a letter came to the Fold, saying, that before another Sabbath he would be at the Fold. A few beautiful fields in Easdale, long mortgaged beyond their fee-simple by the hard-working statesman from whom they reluctantly were passing away, had meanwhile been purchased by Mr. Howard, and in that cottage they were to abide, till they had built for themselves a house a little farther up the side of the sylvan hill, below the shadow of Helm Crag. Lucy saw the Sabbath of his return and its golden sun, but it was in her mind's eye only, for ere it was to descend behind the hills, she was not to be among the number of living things.

Up Forest-Ullswater the youth had come by the light of the setting sun; and as he crossed the mountains to Grassmere by the majestic pass of the Solitary Hawse, still as every new star arose in Heaven, with it arose as lustrous a new emotion from the bosom of his betrothed. The midnight hour had been fixed for his return to the Fold, and as he reached the cliffs above Whitewass, lo! according to agreement, a light was burning in the low window, the very planet of love. It seemed to shed a bright serenity over all the vale, and the moon-glittering waters of Rydalmere were as an image of life, pure, lonely, undisturbed, and at the pensive hour how profound! "Blessing and praise be to the gracious God! who framed my spirit so to delight in his beautiful and glorious creation—blessing and praise to the Holy One for the boon of my Mary's innocent and religious love!" Prayers crowded fast into his soul, and tears of joy fell from his eyes, as he stood at the threshold, almost afraid in the trembling of life-deep affection to meet her first embrace!

In the silence, sobs and sighs, and one or two long deep groans! Then in another moment, he saw through the open door of the room where Mary used to sleep, several figures moving to and fro in the light, and one figure upon its knees—who else could it be but her father! Unnoticed he became one of the pale-faced company—and there he beheld her on her bed, mute and motionless, her face covered with a deplorable beauty—eyes closed, and her hands clasped upon her breast! “Dead, dead, dead!” muttered in his ringing ears a voice from the tombs, and he fell down in the midst of them with great violence upon the floor.

Encircled with arms that lay round him softer and silkier far than flower-wreaths on the neck of a child who has laid him down from play, was he when he awoke from that fit—lying even on his own maiden’s bed, and within her very bosom, that beat yet, although soon about to beat no more! At that blest awakening moment, he might have thought he saw the first glimpse of light of the morning after his marriage-day, for her face was turned towards his heart, and, with her faint breathings, he felt the touch of tears. Not tears alone now bedimmed those eyes, for tears he could have kissed away, but the blue lids were heavy with something that was not slumber—the orbs themselves were scarcely visible—and her voice—it was gone, to be heard never again, till in the choir of white-robed spirits, that sing at the right hand of God!

Yet, no one doubted that she knew him—him who had dropt down, like a superior being, from another sphere, on the innocence of her simple childhood—had taught her to know so much of her own soul—to love her parents with a profounder and more holy love—to see, in characters more divine, Heaven’s promises of forgiveness to every contrite heart—and a life of perfect blessedness beyond death and the grave! A smile, that shone over her face the moment that she had been brought to know that he had come at last, and was nigh at hand—and that never left it—while her bosom moved—no—not for all the three days and nights that he continued to sit beside the beautiful corpse, when father and mother were forgetting their cares in sleep—that smile told all who stood around, watching her departure, neighbour, friend, priest, parent, and him the suddenly distracted and desolate, that, in the very moment of expiration, she knew him well, and was recommending him and his afflictions to the pity of one who died to save sinners!

Three days and three nights, we have said, did he sit beside her, who so soon was to have been his bride—and come or go who would into the room, he saw them not—his sight was fixed on the winding-sheet, eyeing it without a single tear from feet to forehead, and sometimes looking up to Heaven. From that one chair, close to the bed-side, he never rose. Night after night, when all the vale was hushed, he never slept. Through one of the midnights there had been a great thunder-storm, the lightning smiting a cliff close to the cottage,—but it seemed that he heard it not—and during the floods of next day, to him the morning vale was silent. On the morning of the funeral, the old people—for now they seemed to be old—wept to see him sitting still unconscious beside their dead child—for each of the few remaining hours had now its own sad office, and a man had come to nail down the coffin. He became stricken with a sort of palsy—and, being led out to the open air, was laid down, seemingly as dead as her within, on the green daisied turf, where beneath the shadow of the sycamore they had so often sat, building up beautiful visions of a long blissful life!

The company assembled—but not before his eyes—the bier was lifted up and moved away down the sylvan slope, and away round the head of the lake, and over the wooden bridge, accompanied, here and there, as it passed the way-side houses on the road to Grassmere, by the sound of Psalms—but he saw—he heard not,—when the last sound of the spade rebounded from the smooth arch of the grave, he was not by—but all the while he was lying where they left him, with one or two pitying dalesmen at his head and feet. When he awoke again and rose up, the cottage of the Fold was as if she had never been born—for she had vanished for ever and aye, and her sixteen years’ smiling life was all extinguished in the dust!

Weeks and months passed on, and still there was a vacant wildness in his eyes, and a mortal ghastliness all over his face, inexpressive of a reasonable soul. During the first faint glimmerings of returning reason, he would utter her name, over and over many times, with a mournful voice, but still he knew not that she was dead—then he began to caution them all to tread softly, for that sleep had fallen upon her, and her fever in its blessed balm might abate—then with groans too affecting to be borne by those who heard them, he would ask why, since she was dead, God had the cruelty to keep him, her husband in life;

and finally and last of all, he imagined himself in Gussmere churchyard, and digging a little mound on the green, which it was evident he thought was her grave, he wept over it for hours and hours, and kissed it, and placed a stone at its head, and sometimes all at once broke out into fits of laughter, till the hideous fainting fits returned, and after long convulsions left him lying as if stone dead! As for his bodily frame, when Lucy's father lifted it up in his arms, little heavier was it than a bundle of withered fern. Nobody supposed that one so miserably attenuated and ghost-like could for many days be alive—yet not till the earth had revolved seven times round the sun, did that body die, and then it was buried far, far away from the Fold, the banks of Rydal water, and the sweet mountains of Westmoreland; for after passing like a shadow through many foreign lands, he ceased his pilgrimage in Palestine, even beneath the shadow of Mount Zion, and was laid, with a lock of beautiful hair, which, from the place it held, strangers knew to have belonged to one dearly beloved—close to his heart, on which it had lain so long, and was to moulder away in darkness together, by a Christian hand and in a Christian sepulchre!—*Ibid.*

Miscellanies.

HONOUR.

At Madrid, Signor Alvarez and Don Lopez, two Spanish gentlemen, happened in a public place to enter into a warm dispute; one hot word produced a hotter, and contradictions begot one another like Jews. Signor A., finding his blood grow hot, thought the readiest way to cool it was to let out some of Don Lopez's; accordingly he caught up something and broke his head. On this the debate ended; and instead of urging his argument any farther, drew his sword, which example was followed by the whole company. The two disputants put themselves into a posture of defence, and began a treaty sword in hand. On this their friends found, that on a proper mediation a peace might be concluded, if they could hit on an expedient to adjust some punctilios of honour. They disarmed the two antagonists, and leaving them under the care of two or three friends, the rest retired to argue the point. Many salvos and punctillos were found out, yet none satisfactory in the judgment of their mutual friends; this would too much derogate from the honour of Alvarez, that was not equivalent to the affront Don Lopez had received; at last

Signor Camillo told the company, that a short memory was no more a reflection on a man of honour than a man of wit; therefore, if their two friends would forget all that was past, the thing was at once adjusted. The proposal was universally applauded, and two persons despatched to whisper it separately to the parties concerned, which they immediately came into; upon this, Lopez and Alvarez were sent for in, and they entered hand in hand, smiling on each other. Alvarez, addressing himself to Camillo, said it had been reported he had struck Don Lopez on the head; but he came there to do himself and the brave Don justice, declaring upon his honour he remembered no such accident. "And you may depend on it," cried Lopez, "if I had remembered any such thing, which, if true, I could never have forgot, I would have righted myself before now with the blood of my adversary; but Signor Alvarez is my very worthy friend and a man of honour." By this punctilio their lives were saved, and their courage and memory set on an equality. KING COLE.

WATCH OF ROBERT BRUCE, KING OF SCOTLAND.

It was discovered by some labourers at Bruce Castle, in Fifeshire, and was in the possession of the heroic Robert Bruce, king of Scotland, from 1306 to 1329.

The outer case of this curious remain of antiquity is of silver, raised, in rather a handsome pattern, over a ground of blue enamel, and the cypher R. B. may yet be distinguished at each corner of the en chased work. On the dial plate is written *Robertus B. Rex Scottorum*, and over it is a convex transparent horn, instead of the glasses we use at present. This very singular watch is not of a larger size than those which are now in common use.

His majesty George III. possessed this watch, probably one of the first made in these kingdoms.

FROG-EATING.

FROGS at Vienna are a great delicacy. Both the edible (*esculentia*) and the common frog (*temporaria*) are eaten; but the latter is much less esteemed, as its flesh is not so white. The hind legs are in most request. Two pairs of them cost about three half-pence; they are therefore by no means a cheap dish. The fore-legs and livers are mostly used for soup. These poor animals are brought from the country, thirty or forty thousand at a time, and sold to the great dealers, who have conservatories of them. These are

large holes, four or five feet deep, dug in the ground, the mouth of which is covered with a board, and with straw in severe weather. In the hard frosts they never become quite torpid, when in these conservatories. There are only three dealers; and most of those which are brought to the market are ready for the cook.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCE.

"A MOST extraordinary circumstance indeed," said a certain Alderman to his friend; "my wife and I have three daughters, and all girls!"

A SMART banker's clerk, who, seated in the *Pit*, wished to make himself more agreeable to a girl, accompanied by her father, than the latter thought necessary, met with the following reproof from the old gentleman:—"Young man, we came to enjoy the play; if you do not know how to behave yourself, go up yonder!" (*pointing to the Boxes.*)

WHIP ELOQUENCE.

A LADY, not remarkable for delicacy of character, had rudely discharged her coachman, who, before he left her, requested an interview with her; she received him haughtily, supposing he was coming to beg to be reinstated in his place,—when he accosted her thus:—"I should take it, Madam, as a particular favour that you will never mention I lived with you; for if you did, I should never gain another situation."

CRITICAL DRAUGHT.

TAKE of flippancy ten grains, of common-place ten grains, and twenty grains of ill-nature. Add to these, tincture of metaphor, two ounces, and powder of verbiage, half a pound. Mix these ingredients well in one quart of insipidity, and cork it up for use in a leaden bottle. The same to be administered once a week, month, or quarter.

PATIENCE IS A VIRTUE.

A GENTLEMAN turned of fifty, whose nose was formed in all the prodigality of nature, paid his addresses to a very young lady. He enlarged on his own good qualities, his freedom from the levity and

inconstancy of youth, but above all, on his exemplary patience; which, he affirmed, would enable him to bear with the most frivolous and vexatious wife that ever existed. "Sir," replied the lady, "for your good qualities I am perfectly contented to take your own word. That you are free from the levity of youth I am the more willing to believe, as I see that you are devoid of all its other characteristics. And, as for patience, you must indeed be a perfect Job to have endured that intolerable nose of yours for more than fifty years."

COMING TO THE POINT.

THE following is a verbatim copy of a Ciceronian epistle lately sent to a parish clerk. "Can wa bas marad to mowen mounen at alavan o'clock? Plase to sand maa wud."

BONAPARTE.

WHEN the accounts of the astonishing success of Bonaparte arrived in Italy, a young nobleman observed, "that he had gained most of those advantages from the assistance of some new Generals he had created." "I know no General he has lately created," said a gentleman present, "but one—General Consternation."

W. G.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Fate of Genius; and *The Encyclopedia*, or *Circle of the Sciences*, will be found in our next.

Quibbert's communication is respectable, but too lengthy for insertion. The same objection must be given to *M. H. S.* whose *Romance* is left with Mr. Limbird.

El Franciscana will favour us with her real name and address, we will insert her letter.

H. M. K. has our best thanks, and shall meet with attention.

We must decline answering *Adolescentia*—for it is more pleasing to praise than to condemn.

W. B. W.; *M. T. F.*; *P. E. S.*; and *Georgianna*, are under consideration.

F. R. Y.'s polite letter has been received, and his wish shall be conceded.

An answer to *J. W. Adams* shall be given as early as possible.

W. T. P. O.; *W. H. H.*; *S.*; *C. A. S.*; and *I. W. G.* have been received.

N. K.; *B. W.*; and some *Constant Readers*, with some dozen epigrams without point, and lines without reason or rhyme, are rejected.

We shall be prepared with further answers to Correspondents next week.

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